

Weird, Spooky, Supernatural Stories

ACE

The

BEYOND

NOV. 10c



"There's no such animal," he cried!



My friend and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a sure thing I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for every three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And can't lose? It automatically wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves..."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose..."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse..."

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on my track today.

"For every three dollars you invest in U. S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds automatically from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money when you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds



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THE **TERROR** OF DREAD ISLE

The sailors who travel the wild west seas of Scotland are a superstitious lot who believe many strange things. There are thousands of small islands fringing the western coast and many of these have weird reputations. Such an island was "Dread Isle," Spencer Simpson, a successful English artist, heard of, and he sailed from America, wishing to paint the wild beauty of the island. Spencer headed toward "Dread Isle."

YOU'LL REALLY BE ABLE TO PAINT SOME BREATHTAKING SCENES TO TAKE BACK TO AMERICA FROM HERE, WON'T YOU EVER SEE SUCH RUINED BEAUTY? AND WE WOULD HAVE MISSED ALL THIS IF WE HAD LISTENED TO THOSE CRAZY TALES. THEY TOLD US AT SHIRLOCH!

I WOULDN'T LAUGH AT THOSE TALES, SPENCER -- AND NOW THAT I'VE SEEN THE ISLAND, I WISH WE HADN'T COME! THE POB ON THOSE ROCKS APPEARS TO FLOAT IN STRANGE EYE SHAPES!



WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU! HURRY! HURRY!

THE BOAT WAS SAFELY ANCHORED IN DEEP WATER, AND THE THREE SPENT THE NIGHT ON BOARD.

I COULDN'T SLEEP ALL NIGHT, SPENCE. I KEPT FEELING AS THOUGH SOMETHING WAS TRYING TO GRAB ME AWAY.



ALL RIGHT, SO I'M SALTY! BUT MY GRANDFATHER WAS A FISHERMAN FROM THE ISLE OF LOCHALSH, AND I REMEMBER HIM TELLING STORIES ABOUT CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS FROM WHICH NO LIVING MAN HAD EVER RETURNED!



AND TO THINK WHEN I MARRIED YOU I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND SENSIBLE GIRL I'D EVER KNOWN! YOU'RE STILL BEAUTIFUL, POLLY, BUT I CAN NEVER AGAIN CONSIDER YOU SENSIBLE!



WELL, LET'S SET GOING. WE'LL LOOK AROUND THE PLACE AND FIND THE BEST VIEWS.



AROUND AND AROUND, POLLY'S MOOD SEEMED TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE AMERICAN VISITOR. BUT THE THREE WENT ABOARD AT SPENCER STANFORD'S INSISTENCE.

SIT THERE ON THE ROCKS, POLLY. I THINK I'LL PRINT YOU LOOKING OUT OVER THE OCEAN.



AS LONG AS WE'RE HERE, I'LL SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND.

AS HE CLIMBED OVER THE ROCKS, HIS IMAGINATION BEGAN TO BE PLAYING STRANGE TRICKS.

THE FOG---OR IS IT FOG? IT LOOKS MORE LIKE HORRIBLE VARIOUS CREATURES---AND--- THEM! THOSE THREE FIGURES--- IT--- IT CAN'T BE!



WHAT KIND OF HORROR IS THIS? I SEE IT, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THAT CAN'T BE POLLY AND SPENCE! THEY'RE COMING OUT OF THIN AIR---AND THAT OTHER ONE---IT--- IT'S ME!





W-HO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU THAT YOU CAN ASSUME HUMAN SHAPE? WHAT DEVILISH PURPOSE GUIDES YOU? AM I MAD--OR DO YOU EXIST?



HEN / HEN! YOU ARE NOT MAD NOW, KEN GARRICK, BUT YOU SOON WILL BE AND HUMAN WHO CAN SURVIVE THE TERROR OF "DREAD ISLE!"

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHO ARE YOU--AND THOSE OTHERS--THEY, TOO, ARE TAKING MY FORM!



BEFORE KEN'S HORRIFIED EYES THE STRANGE FIGURE BECAME ONE HUMAN SHAPE AFTER ANOTHER--ALL OF THEM IN HIS EXACT IMAGE!

HEN!
HEN! HEN!

NO! NO! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE TO BE REAL!

WE ARE THE FIG CREATURES OF "DREAD ISLE"--FORMED OF EVIL, AND DOOMED TO REMAIN ON THIS ISLAND!



HEN?
HEN / HEN /

WE HAVE NO SHAPES OF OUR OWN! BUT WE HAVE THE POWER TO ASSUME ANY FORM FOR SHORT PERIODS, AND TO GRAB INTELLIGENCE AND THOUGHTS FROM THE BRAIN OF ANYONE WHO COMES WITHIN OUR POWER!



HEN! HEN! I HAVE NOW ABSORBED ALL THAT IS WITHIN YOUR BRAIN, KEN GARRICK! ALL OF YOUR MEMORIES ARE MINE! I CAN SEE YOU WHEN I EVER I WANT! HEN! HEN!

IT'S THE MOST TERRIBLE, HORRIBLE THING I'VE EVER HEARD OF!



THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR THOSE WHO INVADE "DREAD ISLE!" KEN GARRICK! ALL WHO HAVE COME HERE THROUGH THE AIRS HAVE MET DOOM!

I'VE GOT TO GET SPENCER AND POLLY TO RETURN TO THE BOAT IMMEDIATELY! WE MUST LEAVE THIS ACCURSED SPOT AT ONCE!



ONE OF THE FIG CREATURES--USING MY FORM! TALKING TO POLLY AND SPENCER!



SPEENCO / POLY / HERE I AM /
THAT ISN'T ME / IT'S ONE OF THE
FIENDISH DISMEMBERED FOR CREATURES
WHO INHABIT THIS HELLISH SPOT.
RUN FOR THE BOAT--QUICKLY!

KEN / BUT
WHO--
WHAT--?



THAT'S KEN--AND--
THERE'S KEN /
H--HOW CAN
IT BE?

THIS MAN IS AN
IMPERSONATOR / WHY
SPEENCE, OLD MAN, YOU
KNOW I'M KEN / YOU SURELY
REMEMBER WHEN WE MET AT
THE ARTS CLUB IN NEW
YORK!

YOU LYING
DEVIL!



WEN?
WEN?

I'LL SHOW
YOU--
YAAAA!



KEN KEN!
WHAT IS IT,
KEN? I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

WHAT EVER
IT WAS
HELD AWAY
LIKE FOOD? I
NEVER SAW
ANYTHING
LIKE IT!



I NEVER BELIEVED
SUCH THINGS EXISTED!
THERE IS AN EVIL,
SUPERNATURAL POWER
IN THESE FOG CREATURES!
THEY CAN ASSUME ANY
HUMAN FORM--IMITATE
ANYONE THEY WANT!

IF I
HADN'T
SEEN IT
MYSELF,
I'D THINK
YOU
WERE
CRAZY!



BUT--THAT OTHER ONE--
BEFORE YOU CAME--I
COULD HAVE SWORN IT
WAS YOU! HE WAS
TALKING ABOUT OUR
FRIENDS, AND ABOUT
THINGS WE DID IN
LONDON!

THESE
CREATURES ARE
VAMPIRES OF THE
MIND! THEY CAN
ABSORB EVERY-
THING IN A PERSON'S
BRAIN! WE MUST
LOSE NO TIME IN
GETTING AWAY!



LOOK / BETWEEN US AND
THE YACHT / OOH / HOW
HORRIBLE!



IT'S JUST A TRICK OF THE FOG CREATURES/RUSH THROUGH THEM! NOTHING MUST STOP US FROM GETTING TO THE BOAT AND GETTING AWAY FROM HERE!



YOU WERE RIGHT, KEN! THE PRIZE CREW DISAPPEARED--BUT YOU CAN'T FIGHT A FOG!

SPENCE/KEN! WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! I FEEL AS THOUGH I AM SMOTHERING!



Suddenly the fog drifted away-- and the two men realized Polly was in the midst of it!

THEY'VE GOT POLLY!



WE'VE GOT TO HELP HER! WHAT WILL THEY DO TO HER, KEN?

I DON'T THINK THEY'LL DO ANYTHING TO HER! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT IN SPITE OF THEIR EVIL POWER THEY HAVE NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH!



THEIR DEVILISH PLAN SEEMS TO BE TO KEEP ANYONE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO INVADE THEIR DOOMED ISLAND FROM LEAVING! IT GIVES THEM A CHANCE TO USE THEIR ACCUMULATED POWER OF TRANSFORMING THEMSELVES-- AND IT SEEMS TO BE THEIR IDEA OF AMUSEMENT IS TO DRIVE MEN MAD!



WE MUST FIND POLLY AS QUICKLY AS WE CAN AND GET AWAY! I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE OF THE ROCKS!

I'LL TAKE THE OTHER DIRECTION!



KEN! HERE I AM!

POLLY! THERE HEAVENS! WE'LL CALL SPENCE AND MAKE A RUN FOR IT!





TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

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AT ONE TIME, A FAVORITE PASTIME IN EUROPE WAS FALCONRY. FALCONRY WAS THE ART OF TRAINING SHARP-CLAWED BIRDS, KNOWN AS FALCONS, TO ATTACK AND KILL SPORTING PREY. LONG AGO, TWO BROTHERS OF NOBLE BIRTH WERE KNOWN AS EXPERTS AT TRAINING THESE BIRDS. BUT ONE BROTHER WAS ALWAYS JEALOUS OF HIS OLDER BROTHER'S WEALTH, AND PLANNED A DIABOLICAL PLOT TO DO AWAY WITH HIM.

SEE, MY PET, YOU WILL ATTACK THIS HAT WITH YOUR TALONS AND BEAR. I'VE TRAINED YOU FOR WEEKS TO KILL THE BEARER OF THIS CAP, AND NOW YOU WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO HUNT IN EARNEST!



THE NEXT STEP IN THE WICKED BROTHER'S PLOT BEGAN TO UNFOLD WHEN HE PRESENTED THE CAP TO HIS BROTHER.

A HANDSOME HAT, BROTHER. I WILL BE PROUD TO WEAR IT.

GOOD. COME, WE'LL CROSS THIS FIELD TO THE PALACE.



ONCE IN THE FIELD, THE PLAN WAS COMPLETED. A WHIRLING OF WINGS WAS HEARD IN THE SKY AS THE FALCON SWOOPED DOWN ON ITS HAPLESS VICTIM.



WITH HIS BROTHER'S DEATH, THE EVIL MAN INVENTED HIS WEALTH. YEARS PASSED, AND THE MURDERER FORGOT HIS INFAMOUS DEED. ONE DAY, HE DRESSED TO GO HUNTING.

NO SENSE LETTING THIS HANDSOME CAP GO UNUSED. I'LL WEAR IT. WHA...? THAT MORE?... LIKE THE WINGS OF A BIRD...



SOMEHOW, THE FALCON HAD FREED HIMSELF FROM HIS CAGE AND ATTACKED THE OBJECT HE HAD BEEN TRAINED TO ATTACK.

NO! NO! MY PET! I AM YOUR MASTER! DON'T...! A & A!!!



THEY FOUND THE BODY OF THE BIRD'S VICTIM, HIS HEAD CRUSHED BY THE MIGHTY BEAR. STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM, THE PLOT THAT HAD TAKEN AN INNOCENT LIFE HAD REVERSED ITSELF AND PUT TO DEATH THE MAN WHO PLANNED THE CRIME. THE FALCON, AFTER DOING AS IT HAD BEEN TRAINED, FLEW TO FREEDOM, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. BUT TO THIS DAY, NO RESIDENT IN THE AREA WEARS THE INFAMOUS CAP FOR FEAR OF AN ATTACK FROM THE SKY... ANOTHER STRANGE TALE IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

I WALKED at **MIDNIGHT**

ONE MORE
KISS BEFORE
I TAKE YOU
HOME!

TOM! LOOK! THAT
TOMBSTONE --- IT'S
MOVING! AND --- HANGS!
THAT'S THE GRAVE OF---
EVA AHHHHH!

THE CEMETERY IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF ELSER WAS A FAVORITE
REMEETING PLACE FOR SWEETHEARTS. IT WAS QUIET AND SECLUDED ---
AND THE DEAD DO NOT SLEEP! AND YET, MANY STRANGE THINGS
HAPPENED IN THE CEMETERY. SEVERAL OF THE CARETAKERS HAD
BEEN STRANGELY KILLED --- THEIR BODIES A MASS OF HORROR WHEN
THEY HAD BEEN FOUND IN THE MORNING. THE BODIES OF MANY
TOWN'S LOVERS HAD BEEN DISCOVERED IN BASTARDLY LIFELESS ---
ACTS WHEN DAWN CAME OVER THE TOMBSTONES BUT --- WITH
BARE FEETLESSNESS --- THOSE IN LOVE STILL SOUGHT THE
SHADY SHELTER OF THIS GHOSTLY RETREAT FOR THEIR STOLEN
KISSES.



IT'S THE
FACED
SCREAM OF
HER SWEET
HEART
FOLLOWED
HER, THE
TERROR -
STRAUGHEN
AND DAUNT
TO ESCAPE

OH NO, NO I NEVER
DREAMED SUCH A THING COULD
HAPPEN! HELP! HELP!



AHHHHH

BUT STRANGE AND HORRIBLE DEATH STRUCK TWICE
THAT NIGHT IN THE ELSER CEMETERY, AND THE MELLOW
LAUGHTER OF THE GRAVE SEEMED TO LEAVE ITS
BREAKING, FOMO



HA... HA...
HA

IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THE LAST TWO DEATHS THAT MR. COLE, THE LOCAL UNDERTAKER, AND DR. SANDERS, PAID A VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

I SHOULD HAVE COME BEFORE, BUT I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD THINK I WAS CRAZY. NOW I FEEL IT IS MY DUTY TO REPORT TO YOU A STRANGE THING IN CONNECTION WITH THE CEMETERY DEATHS.



SINCE I AM THE ONLY UNDER-TAKER IN TOWN, I HAVE HANDLED THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS, AND FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS EVERY DEATH THAT OCCURRED IN THE CEMETERY HAS GIVEN A CLUE TO THE CAUSE OF DEATH.



BUT IN EACH CASE I OBSERVED THAT THE BODIES WERE COMPLETELY BRAINED OF BLOOD. IT IS MY BELIEF THAT A VAMPIRE IS IN THE CEMETERY--AND THAT HE LEAVES HIS BRACE AT NIGHT AND DEKES HIS VICTIMS.

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THIS?



NOT AS MUCH NONSENSE AS YOU MIGHT THINK, CHIEF. SUCH THINGS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO EXIST!



A VAMPIRE IS ELDERLY AND BURIED IN OUR CHURCHYARD! YOU'RE BOTH CRAZY!



HA... HA... DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU KNOW ALL THE STRANGE AND DODGEY CHARACTERS IN THE ELDON CEMETERY, CHIEF? YOU OUGHT TO COME OUT AND SEE US SOME TIME!



BUT THE CHIEF OF POLICE OF ELDON WAS SURE HE HAD THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL.

THERE WILL BE NO MORE SUDDEN DEATHS IN THE CEMETERY! I'VE ORDERED THE GATES LOCKED EVERY NIGHT AT SUNDOWN! AND PLEASE KEEP THAT SCOW-BALL TALK ABOUT VAMPIRES TO YOURSELF! WE DON'T WANT TO START A PANIC!



IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO HANDLE IT--IT'S UP TO YOU!

LEAD UP THE PATH OF THE CEMETERY WERE LOCKED AT SUNDOWN AND SET--A FIDDLING WALKED ALONG THE DESERTED PATHS.

THE CEMETERY IS LONELY TONIGHT.



THE CEMETERY CARETAKER WAS MAKING HIS
ROUND. IT WAS ALMOST MIDNIGHT.

STILL LOCKED -- AND NOBODY BUT
TAMPER WITH ANY THOSE CARETAKERS AHEAD
OF ME THAT WAS KILLED DIDN'T KEEP
THEIR EYES OPEN? IT'S A GOOD
EASY JOB, WITH
NOTHING TO BE
AFRAID OF.



BUT, SOMETIMES, HE WAS AWARE OF SOMETHING BEHIND
HIM -- HE TURNED.

AIEEE!

NO, NO



AND THEN THE CEMETERY WAS QUIET AGAIN...UNTIL
THE CLOCK IN THE STREET BELL TOLD MIDNIGHT.



AT THE CLOCK STRIKE MIDNIGHT,
THE DOCTOR, WHO HAD JUST RE-
TURNED FROM A CALL, RECEIVED A
VISITOR.

LOOK, DOC, I JUST
STOPPED BY ON MY WAY HOME TO
FIND OUT IF YOU REALLY BELIEVED
THAT NEMPHIS STUFF COLLIS
PULLED ON ME TODAY?



I THINK I DO, CHIEF FINE COLLIS.
I'VE HAD A LOOK AT EVERY ONE
WHO HAS BEEN KILLED IN THE
CEMETERY FOR THE LAST TWENTY
YEARS -- AND EACH OF THEM HAS
BEEN COMPLETELY DRAINED
OF BLOOD!



IT WAS TWENTY YEARS
AGO THAT WE BURIED OSCAR
TOWNSEND! THESE DEATHS IN
THE CEMETERY BEGAN A FEW
WEEKS AFTER OSCAR TOWNSEND'S
FUNERAL!

OSCAR TOWNSEND?
I'D FORGOTTEN
ABOUT THE
TOWNSENDS!



WHILE THE DOCTOR AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE TALKED, THE SILENCE OF THE CEMETERY WAS DISTURBED BY MORE THAN THE CHIRPS OF NIGHTINGALES. A SLIM FIGURE WALKED THE PATHS BETWEEN THE GRAVES, AND THEN WALKED TOWARD THE GATE.



I—I'M LOCKED IN! AND I DON'T EVEN SEE THE CARETAKER AROUND! NO ONE CAN GET IN AND NO ONE CAN GET OUT!



SLOWLY THE TWO WOMEN WALKED BACK ALONG A CRYPTIC PATH.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO! IF ONLY I COULD FIND THE CARETAKER I'D BE ALL RIGHT!



WHY, HOW STRANGE! AN OPEN GRAVE? WHY... IT'S OSCAR TOWNSEND! I WONDER IF THE STORIES I USED TO HEAR ABOUT HIM WERE TRUE!



SUDDENLY SHE BECAME AWARE OF THE FIGURE BEHIND HER...

KREEE! YOU STARTLED ME! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU--BUT HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE CEMETERY-- AND WHY ARE YOU STANDING BESIDE THAT GRAVE?



IT'S QUITE EASY TO GET INTO THE CEMETERY--BUT IT SEEMS THAT IT IS MUCH HARDER TO GET OUT! I WAS STANDING HERE WONDERING WHERE THE BODY OF OSCAR TOWNSEND WAS!



BUT HOW DID YOU GET IN? NOT THAT IT MATTERS!

I'M VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU!

I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, TOO! DID YOU KNOW OSCAR TOWNSEND?



NO, HE DIED BEFORE I WAS BORN! BUT I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT HIM EVERYBODY USED TO SAY THERE WAS A CURSE ON THE TOWNSEND FAMILY, AND THAT ONE IN EVERY GENERATION WAS A VAMPIRE!

DO YOU BELIEVE THAT?



I DON'T KNOW! I USED TO HEAR PEOPLE SAY IT WAS A GOOD THING HE DIED WHEN THE TOWNSEND HOUSE BURNED DOWN, AND THAT HE WAS THE LAST OF HIS FAMILY! BUT NOW--I'M WONDERING WHERE HIS BODY IS-- AND WHY HIS GRAVE IS OPEN!



I'LL BET THAT'S IT! THEY SAY THEY USED TO KEEP OSCAR LOCKED IN HIS ROOM TO KEEP HIM FROM HURTING ANYONE! AND I GUESS HE LOOKED LIKE A BEAST!

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?



IT WAS STRANGE THAT THE TWO WHO HAD FOUND EACH OTHER IN THE CEMETERY THAT MIDNIGHT DID NOT FEEL THE ABUSED EYES OF THE DEAD UPON THEM!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE REALLY LOOKED & I ALWAYS WONDERED!

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO THINK ABOUT THE POOR GUY! YOU KNOW--YOU'RE AN UNUSUAL GIRL! I LIKE TALKING TO YOU!



THAT'S STRANGE--SO DO I! IT'S NICE JUST SITTING HERE FOR A "WHILE"--EVEN IF IT CAN'T LAST!



BECAUSE IT CAN'T LAST, OF COURSE! YOU MUST GO--GET OUT OF THE CEMETERY--AND--DON'T COME BACK!

WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME!



THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM THAT KEPT ME FROM BRINGING MY TEETH IN HIS THROAT! AND YET, I MUST FIND A VICTIM BEFORE DARK OR I AM DOOMED! THE CURSE! THEN, HE MUST BE AROUND SOMEWHERE!



THE CARVEKIN / OGGATHEN-- OSCAR
TOWNSEND REALLY WAS A VAMPIRE, AND
HAD THE POWER TO LEAVE HIS GRAVE,
JUST AS I HAVE!



HIS SOMEWHERE WANDERING
AROUND THE COMETERY / HE'LL
GET THAT MAN I WAS TALKING TO!
NOW IF I DO NOT HURRY OSCAR
WILL SET HIM AHEAD
OF ME!



I MUST FIND HIM / THE
STRANGER / BLOOD. I MUST
HAVE BLOOD. IT IS ALL
THAT KEEPS ME AMONG THE
LIVING DEAD!



WHILE THE VAMPIRE GIRL STARTED ON HER
FRANTIC SEARCH, OSCAR TOWNSEND WAS BEING
DISCHARGED!

I WAS THE TOWNSEND DOCTOR!
OSCAR TOWNSEND WAS A GOOD-LOOKING BOY--
BUT WHEN THE SPELLS CAME OVER HIM HE
TURNED INTO A BEAST!



WHEN HIS FATHER DIED HE MADE ME THE BOY'S
GUARDIAN! HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE VAMPIRE CURSE
THAT FOLLOWED THOSE IN THE FAMILY! I KEPT
THE BOY LOCKED IN THE HOUSE WITH ATTENDANTS
WATCHING HIM-- AND
WHEN THE BUILDING
BURNED, OSCAR
DIED IN THE
FLAMES!



IT WAS A BAD CASE-- BUT THERE WAS
ANOTHER ONE SOMETHING LIKE IT IN TOWN!
MARELLA SHEPHERD! WHEN HER PARENTS
REALIZED SHE WAS A VAMPIRE, THEY KEPT
HER LOCKED IN HER ROOM-- AND WHEN SHE
TRIED TO CLIMB OUT THE WINDOW SHE TELLS
THEY BURIED HER IN THE CEMETERY THREE
MONTHS AGO!



I STILL THINK
IT'S A LOT OF
BULLSHIT!

AP, THERE HE IS! HE'S BACK
LOOKING AT OSCAR TOWNSEND'S
GRAVE!



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WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I WONDERED IF I WOULD TURN INTO A BEAST! I USED TO WONDER IF OSCAR HAD REALLY BEEN A VAMPIRE... AND I FELT SORRY FOR HIM! I KNEW NOW IT FELT TO BE KEPT LOCKED UP AND TO SUFFER BECAUSE YOU COULD NOT KILL!



I FELT SORRY FOR THE MAN TONIGHT... BUT NOW I MUST KILL HIM! BLOOD... SO THAT I CAN RETURN AGAIN... AND AGAIN...



AS THE GIRL SPRAKE, THE MAN TURNED.

YOU ARE OSCAR TOWNSEND-- AND -- AND I NEVER SUSPECTED!

WHO ARE YOU? NO-- NO-- YOU CAN'T BE THE GIRL I SAW HERE BEFORE?



I AM MARELLA SHEPLA! THEY BURIED ME THREE MONTHS AGO! THEY DID NOT KNOW THAT A VAMPIRE CAN REMAIN ON EARTH AS LONG AS IT IS SUSTAINED BY BLOOD!

BUT TONIGHT-- YOU CAME TOO LATE!



IT IS JUST AS WELL... HA HA THERE MUST NOT BE ENOUGH BLOOD FOR TWO VAMPIRES IN ELDEN CEMETERY! TONIGHT -- WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE HUMAN I SPARED YOU BECAUSE I HAD ALREADY DRUNK THE BLOOD OF THE CARETAKER!

TONIGHT I TOO WAS REMISS WHEN I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE LIVING! BUT NOW -- I SHALL DRINK THE CARE-TAKER'S BLOOD FROM YOU FOR MYSELF!



AS MARELLA'S TEETH DROVE INTO OSCAR'S THROAT...

IT IS LATE. THE BLOOD IS LOST TO BOTH OF YOU. YOU ARE BOTH DOOMED TO LOSE THE EVIL POWER THAT KEEPS YOU EARTH-BOUND!

AREE--

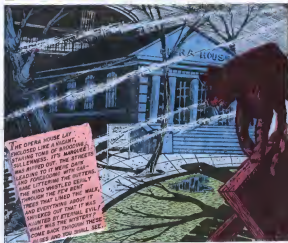


THAT WAS A LUCKY NIGHT FOR ELDEN-- THE NIGHT THAT TWO VAMPIRES MET IN THEIR LONELY MIDNIGHT PRIDE-- BECAUSE NOW THEY WILL HAVE NO MORE. YOU MAY UNLOCK THE CEMETERY GATES NOW, CHIEF THE UNDEAD DEAD ARE STILL-- FOREVER!



THE END

The LYRE of DOOM



IT ALL STARTED SOME TIME AGO—WHEN EMIL PARADYSE WAS KICKED OUT OF HIS LAST BACKSTAGE ADDITION. HE HAD APPLIED AS A MUSICIAN, AND AFTER ONE MINUTE THE RESULTS WERE DISASTROUS!

NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT, BUM! MUSICIAN—BAND!

GGOF! YOU'LL REGRET THIS!

HA, HA... BEAT IT!

I'LL REMEMBER YOUR CONTEMPT! I'M THE GREATEST MUSICIAN IN THE WORLD! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GURRUS? I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU!

STAGE DOOR

SLAM



EMIL PARSONS WAS DEFEATED. THIS WAS HIS LAST GOOD LEAD NOW THERE WAS NOTHING. HE HADN'T EATEN FOR DAYS. HE HAD NO MONEY, NO HOPE, NO DREAMS... LIFE WAS AT ITS LOWEST EBB...

WHERE SHALL I GO? WHAT SHALL I DO? I MUST CONCENTRATE! THE MUSEUM--YES-- THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE LEFT!



INSIDE THESE HALLS I LIVE AGAIN! THERE'S A STRANGE PLACE INSIDE HERE! HERE ARE THE WORLD'S TREASURES, ALL THE FAMOUS OBJECTS OF HISTORY, ALL THE BEAUTIFUL ART AND SKILL OF BY-GONE ERAS.



HE WANDERED THROUGH ONE HALL AFTER ANOTHER, WITH NO PARTICULAR DESTINATION. SUDDENLY, FROM THE WINGS, HE HEARD THE VOICE OF A GUARD EXPLAINING TO A GROUP OF CURIOUS VISITORS THE DETAILS OF A NEW EXHIBITION...



THE MUSEUM EXPEDITION BROUGHT IT BACK WITH THEM FROM A RUINED CITY IN THE NEAR EAST! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW OLD IT REALLY IS!

WH--IT'S A LYRE -- A STRINGED INSTRUMENT THE ANCIENTS USED TO STRUM SONGS ON IT -- IT'S BEAUTIFUL! IT SEEMS TO SHIMMER AND GLITTER!



THIS PARTICULAR INSTRUMENT IS ONE OF THE RAREST ARTIFACTS OF ANCIENT CULTURE KNOWN TO THE MODERN MAN! THE MUSEUM IS PROUD TO EXHIBIT IT! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

DOESN'T HE SAY IT? LOOK AT THOSE STUPID BOOBY STAPING AT THE INSTRUMENT! THEY HAVE NO REVERENCE FOR IT!



BUT I'LL GIVE IT THE PROPER RESPECT IT DESERVES! I'LL SELL IT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH! I'LL BE RICH! THEN EVERYONE WILL SEE HOW GREAT I AM! THERE THEY GO NOW. GOT TO BE CAREFUL!



STOOPY, STUPID, WITH GREAT CARE, HE CREEPT OVER TO THE GUARD CARP THIEF.



LEO O'DELLE'S CLINIC CORNER

SASP SASP... THEY DIDN'T SEE ME YET! I'LL HURRY AROUND THE CORNER, THEN CUT UP MY STREET! FASTER! MUST RUN FASTER!



AT LAST! WOULD HAVE IT. PARKER ESCAPED - BUT ONLY TO A DEAD END! BECAUSE OF IT NOW HE HAD REACHED HIS DEATH ROOMS - ROOM!

I'M IN THE CLEAR! ONCE I REACH MY ROOM! WHAT LUCK! WHAT INCREDIBLE GOOD FORTUNE! HA, HA!



MOMENTS LATER...

NOW IT'S MINE! MINE TO DO WITH AS I WISH! LET'S SEE HOW WELL IT PLAYS! THESE JEWELLED PEARLS ARE WONDERFUL! WHAT STRANGE CRAFTSMANSHIP! WE'VE SEEN NOTHING LIKE IT ANYWHERE!



YEOOOW! IT BURNED ME LIKE A FLAME! MY HAND--IT--IT'S BURNED! OH--WHAT TERRIBLE PAIN! MY ENTIRE BODY ACHED WHEN I TOUCHED IT! W--WHAT WAS THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!



I--I DISTINCTLY HEARD HOARSE LAUGHTER BEHIND ME! M--MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! THOSE SHADOWS--FOR A MOMENT THEY LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING FROM A NIGHTMARE! GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MYSELF!



RECOVERING HIS COURAGE, PARKER PICKED UP THE LYRE AGAIN AND BEGAN PLAYING THE MUSIC STRONG A DISCREPANT, YET MINDFULLY SWEET, DEEP MELODY WENT UP FROM THE WOODEN FINGER OF THE LYRE. AT THAT MOMENT THE FREIGHT CAME TO HIM.

WHY? WHY SHOULD I SELL IT? I CAN MAKE MORE MONEY AS A PERFORMER! THEN I'LL HAVE FAME-- POWER! HA, HA!



SO HE LEFT THE LYRE AND A FEW DAYS LATER APPLIED FOR AN AUDITION WITH THE CONCERT MANAGER OF ANOTHER HOUSE IN A DIFFERENT CITY...

THAT'S THE MOST AMAZING EXHIBITION OF VIRTUOSITY AND TALENT I'VE EVER HEARD! YOU'RE WRECK!

GOOD! GOOD! YOU'LL NOT REGRET IT!



AND THIS, PARKSTON BECAME A SENSATION OVERNIGHT WITH HIS MARVELOUS LIRE, DISGUISED, OF COURSE, TO PREVENT DETECTION. WHENEVER HE PLAYED HE EYED TEARS, LAUGHTER... AND SOMETIMES HE CROED FROM HIS ENTHRALLED AUDIENCE.



MAGNIFICENT!

EXQUISITE!

CLAP CLAP
BRAVO ENCORE
ENCORE



BUT EACH TIME HE PLAYED A SUBTLE CHANGE STOLE OVER HIM. AT FIRST HE HARDLY NOTICED IT. BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED HE BECAME AWARE THAT THE EVER MORE FREQUENT, EVER SHARPER PAIN HE FELT WAS FOLLOWED BY PHYSICAL CHANGES...

WHAT ARE THESE THINGS... THEY LOOK LIKE HORNS OR SOMETHING? AND MY NAILS ARE GETTING LONGER! MY FEET ARE SHRIVELING!



HA, HA, HA / NOT YET / HA, HA / NOT YET!

YEA & ANY WHO'S IN MY ROOM? THAT FACE -- GRRR -- I SAW IT NOW! IT'S NOT MY IMAGINATION!



HELP! T'LL--UH-- NO ONE'S HERE?-- BUT I SAW IT! I'M SURE! GRRR-- I'M SICK! I MUST HAVE SOME REST! I MUST SLEEP!



SLEEP WAS IMPOSSIBLE -- FOR EACH NIGHT WOULD COME A FIERCER RECURRING NIGHTMARE THAT PUSHED HIS MINDS FORWARD THE VERY BRINK OF INSANITY! ENGLISH MONSTERS, AND DEVILS CREATURES ROSE UP BEHIND HIM CACKLING, STRIDING, HOWLING.

HA, HA, HA! EMIL PARKSTON! MURDERER! RISE -- ON GREAT MUSICIAN! LET--ME--SLOWLY SLEEP. MUST REST!



AWAKE, FOOL! WE HAVE NEITHER TIME NOR PATIENCE! WE WOULD ASK A QUESTION OF YOU!

DO YOU PLAY THE LIRE WELL, EMIL PARKSTON? HA, HA, HA!

THE LIRE? IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! AT TIMES MY FINGERS SEEM TO PLAY OF THEIR OWN ACCORD! WHY?





IT WAS SUCCESSFUL, FAMOUS, EVIL. HE RETURNED TO
THE CITY WHERE IT ALL BEGAN HE HAD TO STOP THE
HORRIBLE CHAIN OF EVENTS. HE HAD TO LEARN
MORE ABOUT THE LYRE, AND SO, ONCE AGAIN,
HE ENTERED THE MUSEUM.



THE STRANGE CYCLONIC WIND
CARRIED HIM ALOFT, FAR INTO THE
DARK REACHES OF ETERNAL SPACE.
THE VEIL OF TIME WAS RIPPED
ASIDE--AND EMIL FELT HIMSELF
CATAPULSED TOWARDS OBLIVION AND
FROM THERE TO THE STYgian
BLACKNESS OF THE BEYOND!



WHERE AM I? IS THIS A
NIGHTMARE? IT HAS TO BE!

BURN! BURN! ETERNAL FIRE OF
DAMNATION! BURN AND PAIN--
SHOCK AND STRAIN! YA HA,
HA, HA!



BEHOLD! THERE IS A MORTAL
AMONG US! A MORTAL TO BE TORN
FROM LIMB TO LIMB! SEIZE HIM!
(IT IS THE ONE WHO HAS STOLEN
OUR LYRE.)



NO--
NO!

OUR MASTER HAS BROUGHT
HIM TO US! GIVE US BACK
OUR LYRE, FIRST ONE! WITH
IT WE CAN BEGIN EVER--
GREATER CRIMES OF WILD
ABANDON! FOR WE ARE THE
SOULS OF THE DAMNED-- OF
ALL EVIL CREATURES IN THE
WORLD, PAST AND PRESENT!
GIVE IT BACK!



Y-4-A-A-AM!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
LEAVE ME ALONE!



HELP? I MUST
ESCAPE! WHERE
SHALL I TURN? (POFF--POFF!)
(POFF--POFF--THEY'RE
GAINING!)



WE SHALL CUT YOUR
GREEDY HEART INTO A HUND-
RED PIECES AND SCATTER
IT! HA, HA, HA! AFTER
HIM! AFTER HIM!



YOU'LL NEVER FORCE ME
TO RETURN THE LYRE TO
YOU! IT'S MINE, I TELL
YOU! (MINE!) I WON'T
GIVE UP MY PRIZE--
MY RICHEST! I--
I'LL ESCAPE!
ANYWHERE!



YOU'LL NEVER
ESCAPE, EMIL
PARSONS! NEVER!
NEVER! HA, HA!



PAST--SLIPPING, DREAMING SCENES OF OTTER
SPREAD--PAST--SMELLING, SMOULING, CACK! NO
LAUGHTER, HE FELL--FASTER--DEEPER--
INTO THE WAR OF DARKNESS! AND THEN--



MASTER-- YOU
ALL RIGHT? WE
HEARD SCREAMING!

THEY'LL NEVER GET IT, DO
YOU HEAR? I--OH--LEAVE
ME ALONE! I--I'M WELL, NOW!
LEAVE ME ALONE!

NOW HE STUMBLER OUT OF THAT PLACE AND TO HIS WAITING CAR, PARKSTON NEVER KNOW HOW HE TOOK A CHARTERED PLANE TO HIS OWN CITY, HE NEVER SUCCEEDED BUT THAT NIGHT, HE REALIZED IT WAS HIS LAST PERFORMANCE!

HE IS CRAZY! HE ABSOLUTELY REFUSES TO PLAY AGAIN! HE SAYS HE HAS ENOUGH MONEY AND FAME!

HUMOR HIM! HE CAME IN UNDER SOME HEAVY NERVOUS STRAIN!

JUST A FEW MORE NOTES, AND I'LL BE RID OF THIS THING FOR GOOD! WHA-- THAT STRANGE CREEPY MELODY! I--I CAN'T STOP PLAYING IT! M--ING!

EMIL PARKSTON! YOUR TIME IS AT HAND! YOU HAVE NOT ESCAPED US! NOW COME TO US! HA, HA, HA!

NO! PLEASE! I--I'LL GIVE YOU THE INSTRUMENT! IF YOU DON'T WANT IT, I--I'LL DESTROY IT! NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! A-A-A-A-H!

YOU HAVE TRESPASSED THE REALM OF THE UNKNOWN! YOU HAVE MOLESTED THE TIME-POWERS OF THE WORLD! YOU WILL PAY THE PENALTY OF FORBIDDEN WISDOM!

EEEEEE! WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? HELP!

PARKSTON'S IN THAT MURKY SMOKE! HELP HIM!

PANDEMONIUM REIGNED! SCREAMS MIXED WITH THE HOARSE SHOUTS OF TERRIFIED PEOPLE--AND THE FIRST ONES TO REACH THE STAGE FOUND

THE LYRE IS NOTHING BUT A CHARRED MESS OF ASHES! THIS IS WHERE THE SMOKE CAME FROM! IT'S SULFURUS--EVIL!

LOOK AT EMIL PARKSTON! EEEEE!

HE'S DEAD! T--THAT THING IS MORE LIKE--LIKE A SATYR!

HA, HA, HA! PLAY ON, EMIL! PLAY FOR US! PLAY FOR OUR MASTER!

--TO OUR MASTER!

AND THAT IS WHY IN A MODERN CITY, NO ONE DARES ENTER THE CRIMINALS OPERA HOUSE--FOR THE LAST AUDIENCE HAS EITHER GONE INSANE OR DIED FROM THE SHOCK! AT NIGHT, THERE ARE STRANGE NOISES--AND ONLY YOU AND I KNOW THAT EMIL PARKSTON HAS BEEN DAMNED FOREVER IN THE BEYOND--FOR UNWISDOMLY, YOU SEE, HE POSSESSED THE LYRE OF THE--DEVIL!

TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

33

THE TALE OF THE "HOLY EYE" IS ONE OF THE MOST ASTONISHING STORIES EVER TOLD. IN 1903, AN ENGLISHMAN TRAVELING THROUGH INDIA CHANCED UPON A DESERTED TEMPLE AND ENTERED IT. WITHIN HE FOUND A BLIND BEGGAR SITTING BEFORE A BEAUTIFUL IDOL WITH A HUGE RUBY IN ITS FOREHEAD. THE ENGLISHMAN'S LUCKY EYES WERE CAUGHT BY ITS BEAUTY AND HE IMMEDIATELY THOUGHT OF STEALING IT.



I AM BLIND, STRANGER, BUT I KNOW WHAT THOUGHTS CROSS YOUR MIND I WARN YOU AGAINST STEALING THE RUBY! I ONCE TRIED AND WAS BLINDED FOR LIFE! I GUARD IT NOW FROM GREEDY HANDS AND PROTECT PEOPLE FROM SUFFERING MY FATE!

OUT OF MY WAY, OLD FOOL, I DON'T BELIEVE IN SILLY CURSES!



STEALING THE CURSED STONE, THE MAN TOOK IT BACK WITH HIM TO ENGLAND ONE NIGHT. HE TOOK THE RUBY OUT OF ITS BOX TO PRESENT IT TO HIS WIFE...

I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU, MY DEAR! A SOLVING I PICKED UP IN INDIA!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, GEORGE! LOOK AT IT! CLEANER'S GLOWING BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER!



THE BLINDMAN STONES SWALLOWED THEM AND WHEN THE BLINDING LIGHT BECAME UN-REARABLE

GEORGE... I... I'M GOING BLIND!

THE CURSE! IT'S COMING TRUE! GODDAMN!



THE UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE HAD BEEN STRUCK BLIND BY THE RUBY. AS THE OLD BLIND MAN HAD FOREWARNED, THEY REMAINED IN THEIR DARKNESS FOR SEVERAL YEARS UNTIL, ONE NIGHT, THEY RECEIVED A STRANGE VOICE...

I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST! I SEE THE CURSE HAS WORKED ON YOU, TOO! ARE YOU READY TO RETURN THE RUBY?

YES! YES! TAKE YOUR ACCURSED STONE AND LEAVE US IN OUR DARKNESS!



NOW THAT THE STONE IS ONCE AGAIN IN MY HANDS, THE CURSE WILL BE LIFTED FROM YOUR EYES! YOU WILL SEE ONCE MORE!

GEORGE! I-- I CAN SEE AGAIN!

THANKS HEAVENS! THE CURSE IS GONE!

THE STRANGE CURSE OF THE RUBY HAD COME TRUE. WHEN THE RUBY WAS RETURNED TO ITS TEMPLE IN INDIA, IT WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN. THE ONLY REMAINING WITNESSES TO THIS STRANGE OCCURRENCE WERE THE HUSBAND AND WIFE. THEIR FACE IS RECORDED IN THE FILE OF THE SUPERNATURAL AND THE BIZARRE.

THE END

THE SCARLET CURSE

It was our honeymoon. We had taken a train to go to a resort in Switzerland. My wife loved to ski. As the icy landscape flew past, I noticed that Bette was becoming more and more drowsy. Her head bobbed, and she was strangely flushed. As I sat watching her, my mind ran back. My family was old Vermont stock. Here . . . now that I know . . . is unbelievable.

Now I am sitting in the office of the Prefecture of Police in a small Switzerland town that I have never heard of. There is a very stout gentleman staring at me across the small cigarette-burned desk that serves as his office. My wife, Bette, lies dead in the next room. But I didn't kill her!

The train! That's where it all started. That's where I met her. *Her!* Is she a creature of this world, or am I insane? She sat next to the policeman, still veiled, but I can see the lurid stain on her face even through the veiling. The two of them are blaming me for Bette's death.

Now I am beginning to remember! Bette was tired, and though she said not, I knew she was feverish. I thought a cold drink of glacier water would make her feel better. I weaved my way through the train into the dining car.

As I waited for my order I noticed a tall woman, heavily veiled, across the aisle from me. Even though I couldn't see them, I could feel her eyes burning. Finally she beckoned to me. I tried to ignore it, but the combination of the burning stare and the mystery of the whole episode overcame my better judgment. Picking up my drink, I went to her table.

"Thank you, Mr. . . .?"

"Graham . . . Robert Graham . . ." I stammered, as I took in the waft of perfume.

"My name is Mona Coeli. It so happens that I am the mother of your wife!"

I stared, unbelieving. My wife had no mother. She had told me so many times, and had scorned the fact. This woman, vibrant and probably beautiful, shrouded an air of danger, though at that time I didn't know it. Perhaps I did know it, but later, when it was too late, and when the maddening whirl of circumstances had made me giddy, I couldn't remember.

The policeman has little gimlet eyes as I tell my story. His cigarette almost burns his fingers, but his eyes never leave my face. "Yes!" he was very patient . . . *really* patient.

Once again my memory clicked. As I sat opposite this woman in the dining car, she had suddenly thrown back her veil. I sat stunned. Her beauty was phenomenal—vivid red lips and passionate dark eyes. My Bette was dark also. But across the woman's forehead was an ugly, livid red mark . . . it was in the form of wings fanning across her brow. Ugly claws extended down almost to the tip of her nose!

"Yes, I am your Bette's mother! Have you ever seen this mark on her? This is a curse . . . a family curse, running through the female side of the family. Overnight my face became scarred, like this! If you have a daughter, this will happen to her, as it will also to Bette, and to me."

She stopped talking for a moment, puffing rapidly on her cigarette. By this time I was becoming impatient. The woman was obviously neurotic, and I wanted to get back to Bette. I remembered suddenly the strange way she had acted. Something was wrong. My heart started to pound. I rose swiftly, knocking over my glass of wine.

"I'm sorry, Miss . . . er . . . Mrs. Coeli. I've got to get back now . . . Really I do. My wife is ill . . ."

Her hand came down on my arm. It was a firm grip, and I realized that what she was going to say was what she meant . . . Her voice almost hoarse in my ear, it had the venom and the williness of a serpent. For one wild moment I thought of Eve, and all the evil that had happened in the world. Yet . . . what if she were Bette's mother?

Suddenly, her hand went into her purse. It was one of those huge carpet-bag-like pocket-books that could carry anything. When her hand came out it held a wallet, but I still had had a chance to see the gleam of a revolver. Her fingers shook as she flipped the cellophane covers in the wallet, and finally held out a picture to show me. It was a picture of a baby, and that baby was Bette! Her own mother couldn't have denied it . . . her own mother! I stared at the woman. Then I knew . . . the woman wasn't lying . . . she was Bette's mother!

Numbly, I led her back through the train. I entered the compartment quietly. Bette lay where I had left her . . . in the upstate bed. She was markedly flushed, her breathing rapid.

The woman fell, sobbing on her knees, her arms around my wife. "My baby . . . my little girl. Even though my husband took you away from me years ago, I recognized you as soon as you entered the train . . . Bette, speak to me . . . please!"

Bette slept on. The woman rose to her feet, her hands moving anxiously. She had thrown back her veil, and the birthmark was more vivid.

"This is my daughter. Within an hour I'll reach my home town. I'll wire ahead and have an ambulance meet us. Then we'll all go to my home and my daughter and your wife can have the rest and care she needs."

I wasn't even listening. I had Bette's pulse between my fingers. It was very weak. Panic struck me. Suppose . . . suppose . . . This woman was her mother? She could get an ambulance . . . it might be a good idea . . .

Well, it hadn't been a good idea. Now I'm in a stuffy little office, the policeman is going through a shed of papers . . . my daughter, I suppose, with all the damaging evidence stacked against me! There was a woman beside him. Although he didn't know it, horrible bird wings flared across her forehead, and flanged down over her nose almost into her nostrils!

The policeman began to tap on the papers. He was impatient. His little eyes watched me every minute. My hands shook as I took out a cigarette from the damaged pack I had in my pocket. "Go ahead," his voice was peremptory.

"Mr. Graham, you are charged with the murder of your wife. So far you've told me nothing. Your wife lies dead in the next room. Why did you kill her?"

"But I didn't! I didn't! . . . that woman . . ." My voice was suddenly hollowing through the room.

"Please, Mr. Graham . . . you did. We found her body in your compartment in the train . . . Mrs. Conrad identifies you as the man who married her daughter!"

Once again he started to turn the pages under his fingers. *Always the pages . . .*

The woman spoke crisply through her veil. "This man killed my daughter!"

Suddenly the precipitation came out on my forehead. It tickled down my nose, but I was too proud to wipe it away. I was beginning to doubt my own sanity.

Maybe I had killed Bette. Sometime long ago . . . I held up my hands. Had those shaking hands taken Bette's life? The woman across from me was crying now, but I could feel she hated in her look.

I started in fumble for words. "We . . . we got off the train at the station she had designated as her own town. I carried Bette, but I guess she was already . . . dead! She felt stiff and cold, but I attributed that to the fact she was ill and sound asleep. Then you came up, Gentleman . . . I remember that I was cold, and that I was afraid that Bette would get a cold . . . But I never had a chance . . . you took her from me . . ."

The woman in black got up. "If you'll excuse me,

Gentleman, I'll say goodbye to my daughter."

"Na, you may not, Madame!" the words were ripped out.

She seemed to stagger a little. Suddenly the veil was thrown back. I stared at her. There was no sign of a birthmark. Her face was as pure and beautiful as God had made it!

He tapped the papers again. "Madame, it is time we had the truth."

"There is no truth if you let madame's kill my daughter!" Her voice quavered a little, but the policeman paid no attention.

"You see these papers, Madame?" Once again he tapped them urgently. "That is not Mr. Graham's dossier. It is yours! This is the fifth time you have tried to place the blame on someone else for your birthmark . . ."

He stopped speaking suddenly. His eyes almost bulged out of his head. The woman smiled back at him. She was beautiful, and smouldered by any birthmark. There was no vivid red mark across her forehead, and no ugly claws crawling down her nose!

Suddenly the desk scraped across the floor. The policeman raced into the room where Bette was lying, but I didn't move. Suddenly I knew! I jumped to my feet and ran after the policeman. There was my Bette . . . across her dead forehead were the marks of wings, and down her nose were the claws of an eagle!

"My mind became a turmoil. My hands . . . they were long and very sensitive. Her throat was white and slim . . . The woman sat beside the desk. She was waiting for the policeman . . .

"I think I know the story," he said. "You're a witch! You transferred your birthmark . . . his wife looked liked the daughter you lost . . . the birthmark is a family heritage . . . the only way you can get rid of it is to kill a likeness of you, or someone in your family, or even someone you may meet!"

Suddenly my hands began to itch I leapt. That white throat . . . but the policeman was there before me. In his hand was the gleam of a revolver . . . I struggled with him . . . and then there came the blast. The revolver . . . it had gone off, and the woman in black was lying on the floor.

We removed her hat. Both our hands were shaking. On her forehead were the signs of the wings and the claws.

The policeman removed his hat. "This is an act of God. Would you please, Madame, go look at your wife?"

I stumbled into the other room. My Bette was dead . . . but her face was as clear as when I had last met her!

THE END

Treasure of the DEAD

EVER SINCE I STOLE THE GOLD THEY HAVE HAUNTED ME---WARNED ME OF THE TORTURES AWAITING ME IF I DID NOT RETURN IT TO THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD!



ARE THE DEAD PART OF LIFE? DO WE COME WITHIN THE SPHERE OF THEIR INFLUENCE? MAY NOT THE RECOLLECTIONS, THE THOUGHTS, THE PASSIONS WHICH POSSESSED THEM UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES REPRODUCE THEMSELVES IN OUR CONSCIOUSNESS, WHICH IS OUR VERY OWN SPIRIT... THOUGH A SPIRIT LINKED WITH CLAY? IS IT ADDED THE TRUTH THAT GHOSTS ARE THE THOUGHTS OF THE UNHAPPY DEAD? LET US LOOK AT WEALTHY OLD RALPH SANDOR, SENIOR, AS HE LIES ON HIS DEATHBED.

BUT I WOULD NOT LISTEN. I WANTED THE POWER THE GOLD COULD GIVE ME. THAT WAS WHY I WAS WILLING TO RISK TO GET IT IN THE FIRST PLACE. NOW I KNOW I WAS WRONG--- AND I DREAD TO FACE THE PUNISHMENT AWAITING ME IN THE HEREAFTER!



THE GOLD IS ACCURSED! IF YOU KEEP IT THE DEAD WILL HAUNT YOU, SON! RETURN IT TO THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD! YOU WILL FIND A MAP IN THE BOX WITH THE GOLD. TAKE THE GOLD BACK, SO THAT I MAY REST IN PEACE AND SO THAT YOU WILL NOT SUFFER FOR MY SINS! PROMISE---PROMISE!

I PROMISE, FATHER!



AFTER OLD RALPH SANDOR DIED, HIS SON, RALPH JUNIOR, FACED THE DISGRACEFUL SUE- TIONING OF HIS PRETTY AND AMBITIOUS WIFE, PHYLLIS...

YOUR FATHER MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF HIS HEAD BEFORE HE DIED, RALPH! WHAT WAS ALL THAT STUFF HE WAS SAYING ABOUT?



I NEVER KNEW WHERE OUR MONEY CAME FROM UNTIL A FEW DAYS BEFORE FATHER DIED, PHYLLIS. THEN HE TOLD ME ABOUT THE BOX OF GOLD HE'D KEPT LOCKED IN A CHEST IN THE LIBRARY.



ACCORDING TO FATHER'S STORY, HE AND THREE YOUNG FRIENDS FOUND AN OLD PIRATE'S MAP INDICATING BURNED GOLD. THEY FOUND THE ISLAND, AND FOUND THE GOLD...

IT'S HERE! IT'S REALLY HERE!

AND THE SKELETONS OF THE PIRATES! THE OTHER BONES MUST BE THE MEN THEY STOLE IT FROM!



BUT AN FATHER AND HIS FRIENDS LIFTED THE GOLD FROM THE PIT. THEY MET STRANGE AND SUPERNATURAL OPPOSITION!

FOOLS! SEEK NOT THE GOLD FROM THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD! THE CURSE OF BLOOD IS UPON IT---AND UPON ALL WHO REMOVE IT FROM THE ISLAND OR POSSESS IT THEREAFTER!



HAVE NO FEAR OF THE SKELETONS---THEY ARE NOTHING BUT BONES! THROW THEM BACK INTO THE PIT!

RALPH SANDOR'S ESCAPING WITH THE GOLD! AFTER HIM!



THE SKELETON'S CUTLASS GOT ONE OF YOU--- AND I'LL GET THE OTHER! THEN THE GOLD WILL ALL BE MINE!



AT LAST--- THE WEALTH I'VE DREAMED OF! A LIFE OF PLEASURE AND EASE!

THE CURSE OF THE GOLD WILL BE UPON YOU AND YOUR RALPH SANDOR, UNTIL THE TREASURE IS RETURNED!



SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT NONSENSE, RALPH! SKELETONS AND CURSES!

HOW CAN I DOUBT IT? HERE IS THE GOLD--AND THE MAP. MY FATHER WAS NEVER A HAPPY MAN. THAT I KNOW!



AND NOW I REALIZE WHY I'VE KNOWN THE HISTORY OF THE GOLD--NOW--I WANT NO PART OF IT, AND I'LL DO AS MY FATHER COMMANDED!

RALPH! YOU'RE JOINING? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? THE GOLD BELONGS TO YOU NOW!



WHO CARES WHERE IT CAME FROM--OR WHAT IT WAS YOUR FATHER DID? NOW WE CAN REALLY BEGIN TO LIVE!

I THOUGHT YOU HATED ME BECAUSE YOU LOVED ME, WHY IS NOT BECAUSE OF MY FATHER'S WEALTH?



THE GOLD-- THE GOLD-- TAKE IT BACK TO THE ISLAND AS YOU PROMISED, MY SON! THEY COMMAND IT!



BUT RALPH HAD LET HIS FINE WIFE PERSUADE HIM THAT IT WOULD BE WORTH TO RETURN THE GOLD...

OH, DARLING, THIS WILL BE THE MOST WONDERFUL BALL OF THE YEAR! JUST IT FUN TO HAVE THE MONEY TO DO THINGS LIKE THIS!



HOW CAN I TELL HER THAT I AM BEGINNING TO BE HAUNTED BY THE THINGS THAT FOLLOWED MY FATHER THROUGH HIS MISERABLE LIFE?



OH, RALPH, LOOK-- WHAT WONDERFUL MAKE-UP AND COSTUME! WHY YOU WOULDN'T THINK THEY WERE HUMAN!



COSTUME? MAKE-UP? NO, THEY'RE REAL!



I CAN STAND IT NO LONGER! I KNOW NOW THE GOLD MUST BE RETURNED!



YOU HAVE WAITED TOO LONG, MY SON! YOU HAVE USED THE GOLD THAT BELONGS TO THE DEAD. NOW YOU MUST PAY---AND I CANNOT SAVE YOU BECAUSE I AM IN THEIR POWER!



IF YOU DO NOT RETURN THE GOLD THEY WILL HAUNT AND TORTURE YOU! AND IF YOU RETURN IT, THEY WILL NEVER LET YOU LEAVE THE ISLAND. ONLY THE DEAD CAN SAVE YOU FROM THE DEAD---AND SINCE THEY HOLD MY SOUL, I CANNOT INTERFERE!



IT'S BETTER TO CHANCE ESCAPING THE ISLAND AFTER I LEAVE THE GOLD THAN TO GO THROUGH THE YEARS BEING HAUNTED BY THOSE THINGS!



RALPH, YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T THROW AWAY ALL THAT WEALTH! IF YOU DO, I'LL LEAVE YOU!

AS MUCH AS I LOVE YOU, I MUST RETURN THE GOLD, PHYLLIS!



GOOD TO RALPH, IN A SMALL MOTOR LAUNCH, SET OUT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WAS GOING TOWARD ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH.

YOU ARE LATE, RALPH! BUT THE DEAD ARE WAITING FOR YOU!



PHYLLIS DETERMINED TO MAKE A LAST EFFORT TO KEEP THE GOLD...

THERE'S A STORM COMING UP, PHYLLIS! YOU CAN'T OPERATE THAT BOAT ALONE!

I CAN RUN A BOAT AS WELL AS RALPH! I'M GOING TO TRY AND KEEP HIM FROM THROWING THAT FORTUNE AWAY!

RALPH'S BOAT HAD ALMOST REACHED THE ISLAND WHEN THE STORM BROKE IN FULL FURY.



WITHOUT THE MAP NO ONE WOULD KNOW THERE WAS AN ISLAND HERE. THAT'S IT AHEAD -- AND WHAT A STORM!

THE STORM BEGINS TO SHOW WORSE AS RALPH PULLED THE BOAT ONTO THE BEACH.



WELL, HERE I AM!

AND HERE YOU SHALL REMAIN! YOUR BONES WILL QUAND THE GOLD YOU SOON HE STOLE! WHY MUST MORE BE DE- HANDED OF ME?



BECAUSE YOU, TOO, STOLE FROM THE DEAD YOU SPENT GOLD FROM THE BOX. KNOWING IT WAS BLOOD MONEY! AND SO YOU MUST REPAY IT IN BLOOD!



DO NOT BE AFRAID OF THEM, RALPH! FIGHT THEM!



THE APPEARANCE OF HIS BROTHER'S SUDEN APPEARANCE ON THE ISLAND SHOWED RALPH FROM THE SPELL OF HORROR THAT HELD HIM, AND GAVE HIM THE COURAGE TO BREAK AWAY FROM HIS DREADFUL FORTUNE.

THAT'S THAT DOES IT! WATCH OUT FOR THE ONE WITH THE KNIFE!



THE CUTLASS!

RALPH SAW PHYLLIS RUN DIRECTLY BETWEEN HIM AND THE CUTLASS.



PHYLLIS!





PHYLLIS: I THINK HEAVENS! / WHAT HAPPENED? THE ISLAND / -- IT'S GONE!

YES, IT'S GONE! NO / MAP WILL EVER AGAIN / LEAD THE SNEEDY TO IT! / IT IS GONE -- WITH ITS / HORRIBLE DEAD AND THE / GOLD THAT THEY GUARDED!



WE'RE LUCKY ONE OF THE / BOATS IS LEFT! BUT WITHOUT THE / MAP I'M NOT SURE I'LL BE ABLE / TO GET HOME IN THIS STORM!



GIVE ME THE RUDDER, / RALPH. I'LL GET YOU / BACK!

I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE / THIS WONDERFUL, DARLING! / AND TO THINK THAT WHEN I / LEFT THE BOAT, YOU / SAID THAT IF I TOOK THE / GOLD BACK YOU WOULD / LEAVE ME!



SOMETIMES WE SAY / THINGS WE DON'T MEAN / AND THEY COME TRUE! ALWAYS / REMEMBER, RALPH -- I / LOVED YOU -- AND I TRIED / TO MAKE AMENDS FOR / MY GREED AND / SELFISHNESS!



JUST THEN THE BOAT LANDING / APPEARED AHEAD. THE STORM / DIED DOWN.

BUT, PHYLLIS --

PHYLLIS: WHERE DID / THE BOAT WAS LOOKING / AT HER -- SUDDENLY / SHE FLEW AWAY!



FRANTIC, RALPH RUSHED INTO THE / HOUSE. THERE HE FOUND HIS FRIENDS / STANDING AROUND A COVERED / FIGURE.

IT'S PHYLLIS, YES -- / RALPH! SHE STARTED TO / FOLLOW YOU AND HER / BOAT CRACKED OFF! HE / DIVED IN AND GOT HER -- / BUT SHE WAS DEAD! / SHE HELPED / ME ESCAPE / FROM THE ISLAND / OF THE DEAD!



NOW I REMEMBER MY / FATHER SAID THAT ONLY / THE DEAD COULD SAVE / ME FROM THE DEAD AND / PHYLLIS SAVED ME!

THE END

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BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be chosen about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "No steady's date bud!" And that's not all that's said of them who are careless about blackheads. The blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE gross! And they DON'T look good in close-up!

So are you blame the fellow who says, "There, I meet lots of girls who look cute in first glance. But if, on their second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or are you blame the girl who says, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. It's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are **YOUR** nose blemish? Well, you're messing and, not to top, good company. There are lots of other-ward-striving fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . wears an ironic, grumpy, angry or ill-humored . . . who thinks that when there's a shadow he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But can many dears stare as far up his bumpy chest? You can't show off your muscled left bicep when only eyes are in the ring! The "he-man" who's also dreamboat, will get the better whenever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and knows the modern's lingo about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of them. But, **WOMEN! DON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS!** The reason it's almost of girls, make! And even good looking "babe" or a dream! She don't take chances, even though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, cleanest hot water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Don't over-blackhead as soon as you see it — with a SAFE razor, too. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, raised scars, a scarred skin.

Just be clean! Be gentle! Be safe! That's what's best! And that's ALL!



A comic strip featuring four characters. The first character says, "I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?". The second character replies, "ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM". The third character says, "TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITE TO PROMS AND PARTIES?". The fourth character replies, "FARRE! JIM ITS THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS". Below the comic, the text reads: "FELLOWS! GIRLS! Keep Skin Clear and Clean! UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX".

NEW! SCIENTIFIC VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX in action . . . with . . . that! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . making your skin look gross and dingy . . . plus ridges with a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it — quickly! — without injury to tender skin tissue. Keep skin always clean this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from gross fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw hair extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice you clean, clearer skin! Try VACUTEX — now!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

BRUSH
COUPOON
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10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER

Get your 10-day money-back guarantee. If you are not satisfied, return it for a full refund. No questions asked. No obligation. Just a simple return. No need to pay a cent. Simply mail it back.

AREN'T YOU GLAD
WE HEARD ABOUT
VACUTEX



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead — release extractor — and blackhead's out!

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- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX product.
- ☐ My C.O.D. I will pay postage \$1.00 plus postage.
- My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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